

THE "BUCKAROO"

(Continued from page 7.)

to tilt downward. In a very short time the beam would tilt to such an angle that his fingers would be made to keep their hold on the slippery nange.

A grinding sound drew his eyes to the chain round the middle of the girder. The straining links moved jerkily. It was only a slight shift; but Llewellyn's practiced eye saw at once what would presently happen. The paint was so "green" that it acted as a lubricant between the chain and the beam; the links above the top plate were sliding back. When the girder had tilted to a sufficient angle, it would slip through the chain and drop to the ground.

Close to Llewellyn's right arm lay the two half hitches of the tag line. For a second he entertained the wild idea of trying to slide down it to safety, but he quickly dismissed the thought. Long before he could hope to reach the ground, even if the half hitches did not pull out, his weight on the swaying rope would tilt the beam so far that it would come thundering down upon his head. There was no escape in that way.

Down, down, down, steadily, remorselessly, sank the left end of the great red stick of steel, and as steadily the right end rose. Llewellyn's brain seemed paralyzed. His body had hung at right angles with the girder; now every second the angle lessened. Already his fingers were slipping; a little more and he would lose his hold altogether.

He glanced over his shoulder along the front of the building. Fifty feet away, opposite the rising right end of the beam, the riveting crew stood motionless on their swing staging. Thompson and Kennedy were staring at him, white faced; but Kent's eyes were fastened on the rising girder end, which was now almost level with the stage. Suddenly he dropped his dolly bar and stiffened, as if he were bracing himself for a tremendous effort.

"Hold hard," he cried to Llewellyn. Then, with both arms extended, he leaped straight out into the air toward the beam.

Instantly the straw boss understood. If the equilibrium of the girder could be restored, he had a chance. Kent was risking his own life, in the hope that his weight, if added to the other end of the steel, would bring it back to horizontal before Llewellyn fell.

The buckaroo had timed his leap just right. The foreman, looking up the slanting red surface, saw his rescuer's arms dart over the top plate and saw his fingers grip the flange. Could his weight overcome the momentum of those tons of metal and force them back?

Seconds of suspense went by—long, terrible seconds to Llewellyn. Down sank the beam, still down, almost to the point where he could hold on no longer. He pressed his fingers into the paint. To his right the chain links ground and slipped; noises from the street below rose to his ears.

From the upper end of the girder Kent's face looked down at him, anxious but calm. Suddenly a smile curved the lips. The beam had stopped rising; it even began to sink slowly. A shout of triumph burst from Thompson and Kennedy. The buckaroo had won.

Even before it had resumed a horizontal position Kent glanced up at the signalman.

"Lower away!" he cried.

The engine started and the fall began to run through the sheaves. Down went the girder, steadied by the tag line, until the men's toes touched the ground.

Llewellyn stepped up to the buckaroo and stretched out a calloused hand.

"You've saved my life."

Kent grasped the hand.

"Forget it," he replied.

Suddenly a puzzled look overspread his face, and he passed his hand over his jaw.

"That's funny!" he exclaimed. "I've been awake since midnight with the toothache, and now it's all gone. Not a twinge felt! Must have frightened it out of me. Sure cure, but don't know as I'd recommend it to everyone."

He continued apologetically:

"You fellows must have thought I was pretty grumpy this morning; but I'm almost as deaf as a haddock from ten years' hand riveting on boilers, and that, together with the kind of pain I've suffered the last twelve hours, doesn't make a man any too sociable. Guess I won't forget this job in a hurry, even if it's only a short one. I'm here for just a few days, holding the place open for Brown till he gets well. He's my brother-in-law."

Llewellyn stared a few seconds at the buckaroo without speaking. Kent's words had cleared up a number of things; also, they had made the foreman heartily ashamed of the way he and the others had treated the stranger. But he was glad that there was still time to make it up to Kent.

"Come on, old man!" said he, clapping him on the shoulder and turning toward the elevator. "Let's get back to the sixteenth."—From *The Youth's Companion*.

A famous police captain who was stupid but brave, ignorant but willing to learn, once had a suspect in the "third degree room," endeavoring to find out who were his accomplices.

"Ver ver you last night?" asked the captain.

"In the back of blank's saloon."

"Vot ver you doing?"

"I was playing solitaire," answered the suspect.

"Ach!" Now I have you," shouted the officer, "who was you playing solitaire with?"

An old colored uncle was found by the householder prowling in his barnyard late one night. "Uncle Calhoun," said the owner of the place sternly, "it can't be good for your rheumatism to be prowling round here in the rain and cold." "Doctor's orders, sah," the old man answered. "Doctor's orders? Did he tell you to go prowling round all night?" "No, sah, not exactly, sah," said Uncle Cal, "but he done ordered me chicken broth."

DELINQUENT NOTICE.

Richlands Irrigation Company. Location of principal office, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Notice: There are delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of assessment No. 6 levied on the 31st day of August, 1916, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

No.	Name	Shares	Amt.
57	Geo. E. Ford	5,000	\$100.00
58	W. L. Renner	10,000	200.00

And in accordance with law and an order of the board of directors, made the 31st day of August, 1916, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary will be sold at the company's office, room 1112 New-house building on the 14th day of November, 1916, at the hour of 9 o'clock a. m. to pay the delinquent assessment thereon, together with the cost of advertising and expense of sale.

GEO. T. ODELL,

President.

W. C. ALEXANDER,

Secretary.

10-21-11-4.

ASSESSMENT.

Delta Canal Company, principal place of business, Salt Lake City, Utah, location of system, Millard county, Utah.

Notice is hereby given that at a

Republican Ticket

National

President

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

Vice-President

CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS

Presidential Electors

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ORANGE SEELEY, SR.
THOMAS SMART
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Governor—NEPHI L. MORRIS

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Secretary of State—LINCOLN G. KELLY

Attorney General—HAROLD P. FABIAN

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Auditor—JOSEPH JENSEN

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District Attorney—E. O. LEATHERWOOD

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Attorney—HORACE H. SMITH

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Constable

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Justice of Peace—W. H. STOUT

Constable—ORSON ANDREWS

Precinct Five

Justice of Peace—A. J. HILL

Constable—D. R. HARMON

Precinct Six

Justice of Peace—CLIFFORD I. GOFF

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